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IN MEMORIAM



The Teacher for the New Age

A new, strange, restless, puzzling, tantalizing age is here. Traditional beliefs and practices in politics, religion, society, ethics and education are crumbling. The old earth has passed away, a new earth is in birth.

Education makes life and in turn is remade by life. Neither is static, both change with each generation. Never did greater changes impend in our individual, social and national life than now. Education and teachers must change to meet the new order.

Into this hurly-burly of perplexities, of shifting ideas and ideals, of tremendous possibilities, thousands of new teachers will come each year to meet responsibilities and opportunities such as their predecessors have never known. What shall be the personality of the new teacher who must face the new day?

"He was a meek little man, with sagging frame, dim lamps and feeble ignition"—so runs the description of a college professor in a recent short story—a perfect type of what the teacher should not be. He (and in this paper, of course, "he" includes "she") must have a body that will stand a greater strain than was ever put upon a public school teacher before. He needs a heart that pumps the rich red blood to the ends of his fingers and toes, a stomach that digests a beefsteak without complaint, lungs that drink in deep draughts of God's fresh air, and nerves not "like sweet bells, jangled, out of tune and harsh," but steady, responsive, controlled, like a well-tuned harp whose music sweetens and inspires all who hear.

Given a good body and good health, he will be, as he should be, an optimist. Most of the great pessimists like Schopenhauer and Carlyle have been neurotics or dyspeptics. No teacher is fit to help in making a new and better America who is not full of hope and faith and cheer. He must believe with all his mind in boys and girls as the best possession of a nation, in the worth of education, in the perfectibility of young bodies and minds and souls, and above all, in his own vocation for this work. The pessimist may run a railroad or a bank, but he can't run a school.

The teacher for the new day must be full of enthusiasm for his greatest task will be to inspire a cosmopolitan body of children from scores of races having various backgrounds, prejudices, handicaps and obsessions. Money can build a church, but money cannot fill a church with the spirit of the living God. Money erects school houses, but money can't make a school. In the old Genesis story man, fashioned by the fingers of Omnipotence, lay on the bosom of mother earth, a thing, a clod, a lump of clay, as helpless as the Galatea that Pygmalion struck out from the marble. Then Divinity breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and the thing became a man. He leaped, he ran, he rejoiced, he loved, he hated, he sinned, he fought, he worked, he acted his part in the strangest drama that ever was or ever will be, the drama of human existence, and all because he had been inspired from without. Inspiration comes today as inspiration came then, not from dead things, however splendid, but from the warm touch of a living soul. To inspire, to kindle ambition, to energize, to attract all sorts and conditions of childhood to the ideals of humble, virtuous, patriotic America is the task of the new teacher.

To interpret this new age the teacher must be a part of the new age, must study it, must live in it, must know it and, in a measure, understand it. The slender store of knowledge carried away with the diploma of college or normal school will not suffice a teacher even for his first term. If he is to teach out of a full treasury he must never cease to be a student. He must enrich himself each year from books and from life.

No teacher can meet the new day who is not a progressive. A conservative has been defined as "one who thinks nothing can ever be done for the first time." All progress begins in a dream and an experiment. The teacher who is too tired or too timid to try anything new is dead before he begins. He will become a hopeless reactionary, an obstructionist, and will join the ranks of the critical, the formal, and the grouchy. But he who grows by study, observation and experiment will find keen intellectual relish in his profession, an increasing sympathy for childhood and youth and will find the fountain of perpetual youth for himself in helpful, hopeful, happy service. He may become tired in his work, but he will not become tired of his work. Such a teacher will be and remain always an enthusiast, the rarest and the most precious of his kind. His pupils will rise up to call him blessed, and America, whether she knows it or not, will owe him more than her armies and navies.

Of course, such a teacher must have a sense of humor, must know how to laugh and how to enjoy the laughter of others, must be able to recognize a joke when he gets into the same county with one. He will bear the burden of the day better, he will see the foibles of youth in a clearer perspective and he will be happier and healthier himself because he can see and enjoy the funny things with which life abounds.

Our new teacher must be a genuine patriot. He is a true patriot who knows how to respect himself, his neighbors and his God; who does each day an honest day's work and lays him down each night to an honest night's rest; who adds his little mite to the nation's store of power or goods; who holds a steadfast hope in the things that are worthwhile; who proves his Americanism not by his much shouting or by his genuflections to the flag, but by the clean, square democracy of his daily life. In a word, he is the man or woman who knows his present humble duty and, seeing, does it. America needs men who in the hour of need will die for her. Even more she needs the unknown and unnoted millions who know enough and care enough and dare enough to live for her.

Is this order too large? Is the ideal too high? Are such teachers too rare? In the class of 1922 there are some who measure up to this stature. There are others who may do so. Everyone who aspires and struggles for this ideal will be a better teacher for the struggle and the aspiration and along this road, the road of endeavor and of idealism, lies happiness.

CHARLES S. CHAPIN

NORMAL HILL AT NIGHT

Alone against the night hills,
Beloved our Alma Mater veiled in night
Stands silently
And dark; o'er the myriad-eyed vale
A sentinel of wisdom. Stars come
Casting a glory round her,
Till from out the dark she rises
Fair as the temple of Athene.
Moonbeam silver touches campus,
Trees and bushes, into life;
Comes the Goddess, then, of Wisdom
From the portals;
And loyal spirits
Whose love will not die, walk with her.



JUNIOR A CLASS

To the Class of 1922:

Greetings:

You have asked me for my "observations" and "a last word." It is a much harder task than I have ever assigned you, and I hope that you will be as generous in grading it as I have been with some of you. For as a father excuseth the shortcomings of his children, so have I excused some of you who were born short in mathematics.

But now to my task: My "observations" cannot be set down in a sentence. I am sometimes handicapped as Washington was. So, I cannot say that you are the best class I ever had. But I can say that you are one of the most interesting classes I ever had; for, as you have been told in pedagogy, variety adds to interest. And for variety you take the prize. As you come marching into Assembly, some in step and some out of it, you might be called "The Montclair Normal Revue"—a pageant of the fourteen years of the school's existence.

In looks, there is a type for every taste. In dress, you range all the way from near-extreme conservatism to bobbed hair, bobbed skirts, and highly decorated hosiery. In ability, you range all the way from the little Ford to the Packard twin-six. But remember this. The little Ford when firing in all four cylinders can climb a hill that will stall the twin-six when firing in but six or eight of its cylinders.

But I must not forget our two young cavaliers. While they have been too modest to show their real abilities, feeling that it is better to under do than to over do a task, they have the brains, poise, and personality that will place them in the front rank among our Normal School men.

And now as to "a last word:" I'll try to sum up in a formula the factors of a successful teacher. The formula is

$$3S + 3P + S \times H = T$$

The explanation or evaluation of the formula is as follows:

3S, from the meaning of multiplication, is found by adding three S's. The S's stand for Scholarship, Spirit, and Skill. It means this: (1) You must know your subject; no amount of pedagogy will enable you to teach what you do not know. (2) You must be filled with a spirit of service; no other calling offers such an opportunity. (3) And you must have skill to sell your stuff—to make learning attractive.

The three P's are Pep, Patience, and Personality. Pep means not only alertness and vivaciousness, but enthusiasm for your work. While good health may not give pep, lack of it will always destroy it. So keep fit. You may need "Fleischmann's Yeast Cakes" or Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen." But keep fit. The second factor, Patience, makes the other factors function. Without it you are a failure. As long as you can see a spark of intelligence in some little "dumb-bell," don't give up. You may have to feed him small predigested portions for a long time, but you may be saving a future Congressman. It is from the third factor, your Personality, that the child gets something more than the multiplication tables:—take a course in "Cultivating Personality."

The cross (X) in SXH, is read "of" as in fractions. The expression means "A sense of humor." A sense of humor helps to keep you out of trouble, and helps to get you out if you slip in. It helps you to live with your class five hours a day, and it helps them live with you. It aids digestion, and, like Palm Olive, it helps you to "keep that school girl complexion."

And finally, look upon your work as a profession and not as a temporary job. It may not be as temporary as you are expecting, if you make good. Rent and coal are still high and it is a mistaken idea that "two can live as cheaply as one." And even if they could, remember that

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Wishing you every success you deserve and desire, and a happy and useful life. I am
Most sincerely, JOHN C. STONE.

Progress of Education in California

Thirty-three years ago I came to California as city superintendent of schools at Pasadena. The state at that time had one of the best elementary school systems in America. Ample provision had been made when the system was established for state school funds with which to pay teachers' salaries and rather high requirements for the certification of elementary teachers. In matters of secondary education, however, provisions were less ample, and the higher institutions of learning at that time did not equal similar institutions in the East, or even in the Middle West.

I find, however, that California has made very marked progress in a third of a century, particularly in matters of secondary and higher education. Her high schools seem excellent and they are highly differentiated. Instead of one or two big general high schools in a city, there are a number of smaller specialized secondary schools. Los Angeles, for example, has sixteen senior high schools, to say nothing of her junior high schools and they are along rather varied lines—commerce, technology, agriculture, horticulture, teachers' colleges, general colleges and the like. And the California high schools are full to overflowing. The colleges and universities of the state last September had to refuse students by the hundreds—some of them by the thousands—because of lack of room.

California has abolished her State Normal Schools, or, rather, she has converted them into State Teacher colleges with four-year courses. The elementary teacher of the future must have the A. B. degree to be certificated and the secondary school teacher the A. M. degree. Both must have pursued rather extended courses in Education and Psychology. The present minimum salary of elementary teachers, fixed by state law, is \$1,200 a year; and an educational leader recently told me that they hoped to bring it up to \$2,000.

The California pension system, for at least the men teachers and the higher paid women, is not as favorable as our New Jersey system. But it is easier to obtain and the monetary contributions of the teachers are slight. Any teacher with thirty years' experience, ten of which must be in the state of California, is entitled to an annual pension of \$500.

California now has an excellent State University at Berkeley, with a branch at Los Angeles. These provide free instruction to students who have resided one year in the State. Stanford University, Pomona College, and other private higher institutions of learning are doing excellent work and have long waiting lists. I am told that parents make application for their children at Stanford University when they are born. But even then they are not always able to enter when they have acquired the required training and age. Taken altogether the young state of California is setting a pace and establishing norms that the older school systems of the East may find worthy of emulation.

WILL S. MONROE.

A PAUSE

What is this thing I seek to do,—
I read, I play, I write, I sing;
I rush headlong, unthinking, through,
What is this thing?

May God forgive my reckless haste
And cause some worthy deed to live.
The days I lose, the hours I waste
May God forgive.

EDITH M. LUFBURROW.



KINDERGARTEN JUNIOR B CLASS

The Alumni

We are working—thank you. All alumni should work. It's the thing that's being done by those who "know." Even our most intelligent citizens are being influenced by the philosophy of work—not toil or labor, but just everyday old-fashioned work. The glamour of war time has passed and now: the job's the thing. The world is a pretty big place after all and just now it needs willing workers; people who do a job, not hold a position.

And would you believe it? Work makes you happy. If you could have been present at the last meeting of the alumni, the biggest and best ever, you would agree. Everybody there had a job. True some had been promoted from the classroom to the home and have been entrusted with the greatest job of all; bringing up their own children. Everybody looked happy, so happy that I'm sure that any Chautauqua lecturer, had he been present, would have begun his talk with, "As I look into your smiling young faces, etc." You'd have to travel many a mile to see a finer looking crowd.

And best of all, that look didn't come from superficial things. It was the result of the consciousness of work well done and ideals held intact. Do you realize that it means something to be a Montclair graduate? Montclair graduates and good teaching are synonymous in the minds of most schoolmen of the State of New Jersey. You who are ready to enter the profession have a reputation to uphold. An ideal is like the family silver. It stays bright and untarnished only if you use it. Use yours and in so doing you will become one of a large body who are standing for the best things that Montclair gives us.

The teaching profession today needs well-trained workers. Never before in modern times has the importance of the teacher as a factor in national growth been so emphasized. The public is keenly conscious of and responsive to the proposition that a nation is as strong as its schools. This is particularly true in a democracy. The teacher is gaining "a place in the sun." He is receiving a larger salary, better schools and more opportunities for professional advancement. But there is an inexorable law of compensation which is always operating in this old world of ours. When the public gives its money, it demands something in return. People are more intelligently critical today of the teaching profession than ever before; and justly so. Professional standards are being raised and the inefficient teacher is being looked upon with increasing disfavor. Two weeks ago I heard one of our own state legislators say that he believed in increasing the salaries of teachers and had consistently voted for such increases, but that he felt that he would be just as consistent in hiring the best he could get, and eliminating the inefficient. Many of our alumni are realizing their responsibility to the public and are furthering their professional training by attending extension courses in New York or other conveniently located centers. Include something of the sort in your program when you begin to teach.

Education today is a live, vibrating thing. It is changing and developing from week to week. To follow its course is intensely interesting; to feel that you are a small factor in its development is inspiring. I can think of no field of endeavor, at this time, in which there are more opportunities for national service, individual growth and adequate financial returns, than in the teaching profession.

And so for the Alumni of the Montclair State Normal School I extend to you a hearty welcome into our ranks. May you always be true to the spirit of Montclair, always conscious of the high place you hold in the hearts of the nation and always full of the happiness that a life of service alone can bring you.

Class of 1922 we greet you!

The Alumni of M. S. N. S.

WALLACE M. BROADBENT, President.

Slang

To the American people as a whole have been assigned many faults, but perhaps the commonest accusation brought against us is our careless, inaccurate, and slangy habits of speech. We speak without thought, using the words and expressions that come first to our minds, regardless of their fitness or elegance. We misuse our adjectives until we lose sight of all finer distinctions and are unable to find words to express the difference between "awful" weather and an awful tragedy. We speak with as much enthusiasm of our "love" for chocolate macaroons as we do of our love for some person who is dear to us. Moreover, our speech is often ungrammatical. Many people, who could speak correct English, if they would, and who even pride themselves on their ability, will calmly say—"It don't matter." It is a regrettable truth, in these days, that he who speaks simply and correctly, yet with telling effect, is the unusual person. Very often, too, we are careless in our enunciation. We slur our words and phrases—We speak of "boys'n girls" for "boys and girls," "I saw 'em" for "I saw them," "'k'u" for "thank you" and "yeh" for "yes."

But perhaps worst of all our faults in speech is ^{the} our use of Slang. By definition Slang is "inelegant and unauthorized popular language, consisting of words and expressions of low or illiterate origin and use, or of legitimate expressions, used in grotesque, irregular, or metaphorical senses not approved by reputable usage and good taste."

It is practically impossible to go about among young people, and even among many older people, without hearing slang in some form. In passing two boys on the street, one may overhear a bit of conversation on this order—

"'llo, got your Caesar?"

"Nope—not all of it—'sno cinch, believe me! Say've you read this book? Its hot stuff; take it from me. For the love 'o Mike, look at that Lizzie—some class—'ey wot?"

"I'll say so!"

A little further one one may overhear two girls—

"And I said, 'Wa'de ya' take me for!' Here, have some candy."

"Thanks, I will. I love 'em, they're terribly good but horribly expensive. Say, will you look at that hat! Isn't that perfectly killing?"

"Well, I should say—it's a perfect scream! That color's a crime!"

And it is not only on the street that one hears such things. In the best-regulated Normal Schools we hear, "Cut it out!" "Have a heart!" "You tell 'em!" "You've got bats in your belfry," "Dawggone it," or some other equally elegant expression.

It has been said in favor of slang that there are some words or phrases peculiarly apt which express ideas with especial force and vividness. This is partially true. I can't think of any words quite so descriptive of the kind of basket ball game one likes to see as "peppy" and "snappy," nor of any expression that can quite so well describe the conversation of some people as "hot air," vulgar though it is, nor any term quite so characteristic of a certain type of people as "buffers." Neither do I know of any phrase that so fits the attitude of a certain few as being "on the fence." Yet all of these are undoubtedly slang and certainly "not according to Hoyle." It is the constant use of such expressions that render them as monotonous as they were once refreshing.

Francis H. Lee says in an article on the origin of slang that one great trouble with slang is that it often profanes or renders ludicrous something that occurs in a sublime or pathetic scene. He gives as an illustration of this an incident in Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities." When Sidney Carton with sublime self-sacrifice gives his life for his friend, his head falls into the executioner's basket as the knitting women, who are counting off the number of victims, say, "Twenty-three." It is almost impossible to repress a smile because of the meaning peculiarly appropriate here—suggested by the slang association of the expression.

Moreover, too much use of slang limits the vocabulary. If we form the habit of using slang phrases we necessarily exclude from our vocabulary those words which would beautify and give refinement to our speech. When we indulge in extravagances of language to impart some trifling idea, we have no words adequate to express a more serious thought.

Not only, then, is slang inadequate, but it denotes a lack of breeding, culture, and refinement. In using slang we are really defeating the purpose of our education. Of what good is hour after hour spent in studying English grammar and the choicest literature, if outside of the class-room we utterly disregard the things we have learned? There are times in everyone's life when he wishes to make a good impression. How is this to be done if one's vocabulary is limited to a mediocre knowledge of good English and an extensive and varied knowledge of slang? We are judged fully as much by our conversation as by a prepossessing personal appearance. Abraham Lincoln was not a handsome man yet he held people spell bound by his simple, fluent English. While we cannot all be Abraham Lincoln's we can at least try to do ourselves justice by speaking our mother tongue in a way in which we would not blush to be heard by those who know and appreciate good English.

ELIZABETH L. LINSON.

APPRECIATION

Did you ever stop to sniff the air about you?
Such a very curious question did you say?
Why you're missing half the joy of things about you:
Just the homely common things of every day.

In the morning there's the smell of toast and coffee,
That makes rising not so hard as it might seem.
There's the cool and balmy breath of morning fragrance.
And the not so pleasant odor—gasoline.

Then there comes the smell of library or workroom,
As the busy toil of each day is begun;
Then the pleasant, sweeter breath of evening coming,
And the knowledge that a good day's work is done.

O, the characteristic perfumes of the seasons
That have long been sung in poetry and prose,
Make us humans have a number of good reasons
To thank the good Creator for a nose.

OLIVE MYERS.

Athenian Night

"Tis night: o'erhead the midnight blue of the sky is strewn with stars. Here in the narrow sordid ways—streets of this ancient city of the Attic state—a moonbeam lingers, glorying them. It strays among the chiseled d'eties, born of the art of Phidias, quickening them to life. Gods do they seem, and goddesses, as when in ancient days they dwelt above the Olympian mount, worshipped by manly sport, by music rare, by sacrifice meet to their godly power.

Now they but live in marble, shattered and scarred; worn by the flight of time and circumstance.

The moonbeam passes by—they are no more.

ETHEL H. DAVIS.



GENERAL JUNIOR B CLASS

En Route

On any peaceful morning, when the sun is risen to just its happiest point in the sky, and the shopkeeper and office-holders are bustling forth to the scenes of their daily occupation,—the high church tower with its great town clock, chimes forth the hour of eight, and the City of Orange awakens to the responsibilities of a new day.

Then from the near by station, with its high white pillars, issue forth a few early mortals whom the 8:03 train has just deposited at the depot. That these mortals have come from South Orange, and that they are bound Valley Roadward and not to the haunts of pleasure and joy, is easily detected by the strange manner of bundles they carry. For who other than a student at our dear M. S. N. would ever appear in public fondly clutching a huge butterfly net or dandling an Xmas box filled with projects?

Up the hustling Main Street, noisy in the pride of its own cosmopolitan appearance, comes the Orange car. With its usual rapid efficiency, it tarries at each corner, and politely waits while a tattered old ash waggon and a tottering old horse make up their minds to cross the street.

"Main and Day! Crosstown, Valley Road! Let 'em off, please!! Let 'em off!!" shouts the noisy conductor, and he lets 'em off. It is all over, that pleasant ride in the Orange car, where all the windows are closed, and where we dangle hopelessly from the leather straps, unable to extricate our slender left foot from beneath the gentle tread of a man with a great bottle of muddy coffee, and our right from under a boy with a package of sardine sandwiches and a decided tendency toward onions,—it is all over. For those from East Orange have now arrived at the corner of Main and Day and are boisterously greeting their South Orange friends.

From the vestibule of the corner Drug Store, appear a few sleepy heads, and a few dreamy mouths droop down, as the verdict is announced, "Here comes the car!!"

"Oh! Please make him wait. I haven't any Life Savers!" and Peggy Morrison dashes into the drug store.

And there with a grandeur unrivaled, with haughty jerks, and proud leaps forward and back, the Valley Road trolley skips up its muddy one-tracked way.

Experience, it is said, is the diploma of life, and the Valley Road is now passing into premature middle age. It is able, perfectly, to understand the babble of conversation, and the shrieks which rend the air. "Has anyone a Fountain pen?—Done your Pedagogy? Now really but you ought to see him,—I simply can't keep the curl in,—He's the dearest thing,—Oh! girls! Look at the New Arrow Collar!"

And then 'mid the uproar of noise and confusion, the little "Norm. Sch." card is placed in the window, and the bewildered wheels, which had really given up all hope of ever arriving anywhere, groan a profound sigh of relief. Ten minutes later, after the roll has been duly taken, and the evil-intentioned from East Orange have tried to "skin thru" an extra transfer (and have been properly squelched by the eagle-eyed conductor) and time has been allowed for Marion Dudley to finish her shine and Fran. Halley to buy her paper; then, the anchor, as it were, is hauled in, the prayers sent up, and, amid a number of creaks, groans, and jumps, the car moves northward toward the green hilled country of our "No Man's Land."

With a sigh of relief, the great town clock in the high church tower, tolls eight-fifteen. Once more the corner of Main and Day streets reposes in sequestered sleep. The City of Orange has again become a drowsy, dreamy retreat.

ELEANOR FORGIE

"OH WAD SOME POWER"

"How ridiculous everyone else is!
How queer they all look, talk, and dress!"
But stop; is it only the others?
"Why surely," we answer, "Oh yes!"

Shall we look at ourselves for an hour
Since no beauty can elsewhere be found?
"Of course," we complacently answer,
And languidly smile, at the sound.

First, we who have followed the fashion
By bobbing our bothersome hair
Will permit you to say we are stunning,
Though we hear the same words everywhere.

We spend our spare time by the mirror—
An hour, at least, for a curl—
For we think they are very becoming
And add snap to a cute little girl.

We recall—once it happened in math class
Daddy Stone said, "I don't like that stare
You send vacantly out of the window
As you pass a small comb through your hair."

As we left him he said to the others,
"Please don't all have your hair cut next week."
Daddy Stone, that we've flunked we forgive you,
Only why look at us when you speak?

Next, we who have not clipped our tresses,
But whose hair is so carefully roughed
That our heads look like 'live sofa pillows
With Woolworth's best ten-cent rats stuffed.

We would now like to know, Mrs. Humphrey,
Pray whom do those words of yours fit,
"It would not hurt the coiffure of some girls
If it could be reduced just a bit?"

Now we with the white, white, white noses
And the prominent bloom on our cheeks
Are so glad you have noticed those haircombs;
But hark! It's Miss Woodward who speaks.

To a classmate who uses no make-up,
Surely we do not cause her to say,
"My dear, what a shame! what a pity
To spoil your complexion that way!"

We are next with the skirts and the oxfords
That have quarreled and drawn far apart.
See! as gaily we skip down the hallway
We cannot help stealing your heart.

Since you are a judge, Dr. Chapin,
Of how a young lady should look,
We are sure to be well recommended,
For you must rate us first in your book.

Room for us! We've made passing a science
We'll skin through each task you devise.
Clever girls, but we are not escaping
Mrs. Bridge and her all-seeing eyes.

Nor can we get by dear Miss Morris;
If the rest fail, she still has a way
To find out what lies under our hairnets:
Otis knows what is there, and Binet.

Now the good little girls—we are perfect;
For we study from morning till night.
We don't even back down from a project
And whatever we do is just right.

Hear the faculty's voice raised in chorus
Daddy Stone shakes his head, folds his arms,
"May the State we're insulting forgive us;
We are forced to turn out some 'schoolmarms'!"

So no matter how well we conceal it,
One may look like an imp or a saint,
They can see our pet fault here at Normal,
And they don't think we are what we ain't.

ELIZABETH L. LINSON.
EDITH M. LUFFBURROW.

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Editor in Chief, J. Wesley Lord.

Associate Editor, Isabel Simmons.

Literary Editors, Elizabeth Linson, Edith Luffburrow, Clar Gruver, Madeline Banta

Ethel Davis, Elizabeth Peterson.

Social Editor, Mary Adams.

Alumni Editor, Josephine Scull.

Historian, Mary Patterson.

Joke Editor, Eleanor Forgie.

Art Editors, Isabelle Fuoco, Elizabeth Wurthman, Virginia Scull.

Advertising Manager, Janet Porter.

Business Manager, Jeanne Powell.

Faculty Advisor, Miss Fennell.

Class History

One pleasant day in September, the halls of the Normal School at Montclair echoed loudly and more loudly with the sounds which penetrated from the basement to the top floor and even into Dr. Chapin's private office. The sounds increased to the noisiest of confusion and out of them floated an occasional sentence: "I didn't know you were coming here to Normal " — "Oh—do you remember " " Yes, I've always wanted to be a teacher, so—" Then the bell—and quiet—and the steady tread of marching feet chapelward could be heard. You are right—a new class had entered the Normal School.

Green, noisy, but after all a most jolly bunch we were, the class of 1922. Dr. Chapin and Miss Marshall read names and names, directions and rules—to be sure rules. Every one solemnly signed away two years of her life in a huge book and then we descended in swarms upon poor Miss McKinley, who said over and again, "That's in the key of G. This is the pitch. Already now—beat—beat—beat—sing." Some of us could and did—many could not but made a desperate attempt. A few more hours of getting lost and woe-fully mixed up and the first day was over.

We learned one word that first week and, since drill insures permanent memory, now—as we near the end of our Senior B term, we can talk very glibly and lengthily on—projects. We entered as the tide was rising and we have surely been borne along on high seas.

I fear I cannot say that we were scared and timid, as we should have been, for I know we were not. Our tea for the awe inspiring Seniors, given early in the Junior B term, was most successful and pleasant. The Dormitory living living room which is always attractive for such affairs was unusually so on this occasion. We waited for it nervously and sighed in pleasant relief when it was over. We now had the Seniors on our side.

Hilariously we kept on our course, smoothly enough, so it seemed to us. In perfect bliss, because of the unknown awfulness of a day of reckoning, warnings and veiled threats passed completely over our heads. Things that had been strange we became reasonably accustomed to, and helped by a Thanksgiving vacation, we were quite content; then—bang—our bubble was burst by preliminary marks, and our shattered hopes were collected for the dash to February.

Then came the holiday season, with its atmosphere of good will and pleasant mystery. A sketch "The Landing of the Pilgrims," in which many of our class had part, was the Christmas program, and it was a most pleasant and attractive entertainment. So we came to our vacation, supposedly a rest time, but it took two weeks after we were back before we quite recovered from its effects.

Mid-term over and some narrow escapes, and we were Junior A's. We watched the Junior B's and wondered if we had been like them, then turned to the Senior B's and wondered if we would be like them.

May came with all its usual charms. It found us very deep in preparations for a dramatization of "The Sleeping Beauty," which early in the month, was presented to the school. Rain prevented its being given in front of the Dormitory, but it worked out very well in the auditorium.

Then we scored another point—the banner for the class winning of the Field Day activities was ours. Our cheers must have echoed over the hockey field for many hours. The Seniors fought hard but to the winners came the spoils.

Then, after a complete deluge of projects and tests, mingled, to quote Dr. Chapin, "with tears, hysterics and screams," we finished our Junior A term. Senior B's, we left for our summer vacations. Glad? Oh—my!

And Senior B's we came back. Glad? Well—Time has passed so quickly this year that we ourselves find the end of the term unexpectedly near. We had the honor of en-

tertaining the Faculty at tea in the dormitory. We did our best to sustain our good reputation and all within our power to make the afternoon pleasant. An interesting program together with the congenial atmosphere created by our guests left us better acquainted with the Faculty than we had ever been before.

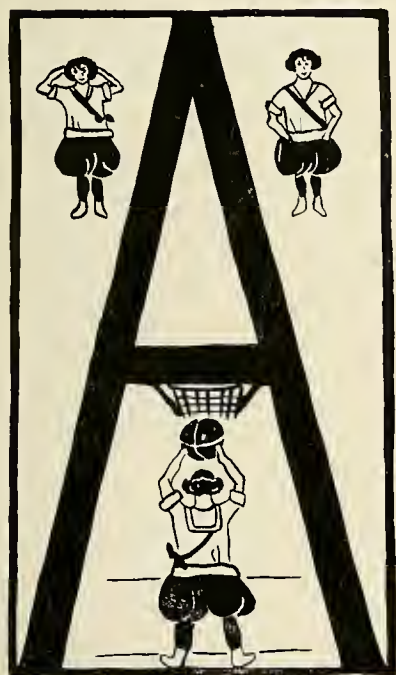
Then came the Senior dance; and the "jazziest" of orchestras together with the "peppy" crowd, made the hours fly. It, too, was successful financially as well as socially.

This brings me to the end of the history of the class of 1922. We have worked hard, had uproariously good times, and enjoyed almost every minute of our time here. To the Faculty we extend our hearty thanks, to the Junior classes our good wishes. Here begins our life work.

MARY E. PATTERSON.

Class Elections

- Most Popular: 1. Mary Patterson; 2. Elizabeth Linson.
Most Talented: 1. Jane Porter; 2. Dorothy Work.
Most Attractive: 1. Virginia Laggren; 2. Jeanne Powell.
Biggest Primper: 1. Genevieve Green; 2. Elizabeth Wurthman, Doris Aery.
Prettiest: 1. Ottelie Loschnitz; 2. Cecelia Bernhardt.
Wittiest: 1. Mary Patterson; 2. Mary Van Iderstine.
Most Handsome: 1. J. Wesley Lord; 2. Jeanne Powell.
Jolliest: 1. Florence White; 2. Josephine Scull.
Best Dresser: 1. Muriel Geiser; 2. Marion Perkins.
Peppiest: 1. Jane Porter; 2. Jessie Morrison.
Pride of the Faculty: 1. Mary White; 2. Alice Reynolds, Elizabeth Linson.
Brightest: 1. Alice Reynolds; 2. Edith Lufburrow.
Despair of the Faculty: 1. Kdg. Sr. B's. 2. Marie Donohue.
Grind: 1. Mary White; 2. Clara Gruver.
Busiest: 1. Mary White; 2. Isabel Simmons.
Cutest: Marion Perkins.
Laziest: 1. Carol Cooley; 2. Isabel Fuoco.
Most Conceited: 1. Helen Miedendorp; 2. Doris Aery.
Biggest Bluffer: 1. William Chandler; 2. Gertrude Bogart.
Best Sport: 1. Elizabeth Loughlin; 2. Kdg. Sr. B's.
Best Leader: 1. J. Wesley Lord; 2. Jane Porter.
Class Baby: 1. Margaret Meyers; 2. Isabella Bersh.
Class Giggler: 1. Helen Daily; 2. Isabella Fuoco.
Most Bashful: 1. Marion Lepine; 2. Margaret Devonald.
Noisiest: 1. Scull Twins; 2. Gertrude Bogart.
Best Talker: 1. J. Wesley Lord; 2. Gertrude Bogart, Elizabeth Linson.
Quietest: 1. Margaret Devonald; 2. Marion Lepine.
Most Unselfish: 1. Ruth Alpaugh; 2. Helen Moriarty.
Done Most for Class and School: 1. Isabel Simmons; 2. Madeline Banta.
Bossiest: 1. Ruth Dodd; 2. Madeline Banta.
Best Mixer: 1. Cecelia Bernhardt; 2. Elizabeth Linson.
Best Dancer: Jessie Morrison.
Best Athlete: Elizabeth Loughlin.



THLETICS



The Athletic Association

Officers

President	Madeline Banta
Vice President	Carita Ackerman
Treasurer	Cecilia Bernhardt
Asst' Treasurer	Georgiana Van Houten
Secretary	Katherine Suckow

During our course at Montclair Normal wonderful changes have taken place in the A. A. From a mediocre and dormant institution, the A. A. has developed into a thoroughly organized and vital part of the school. The first great step in making the A. A. something worth while was the adoption of a constitution. After weeks of patient and untiring labor the resultant work was produced, voted upon, and accepted. This constitution of ours is something of which to be proud, for upon several occasions when puzzling questions have arisen, they have been easily settled by reference to the constitution.

For the first time in the history of the school has the problem of awards been definitely settled. Silver loving cups were awarded to the ti-winners of the track meet, and miniature gold basket balls to the Varsity basket ball team. There are letters of one kind for members of varsity teams, other letters for those making second team, and numerals for class teams.

The need for a peppy, enthusiastic cheer leader was keenly felt, and by tryouts and popular vote one was chosen. There have been two of these lucky people who have had the privilege of cheering our teams on to victory. They are Gertrude Bogart and Lydia Bender.

When we consider the years of athletic experience that most schools have, we realize what a remarkable showing our teams have made since the reorganization of athletics in the fall of 1920. In their flashing scarlet, they have done much in a short time to establish an enviable record. These wonders have been accomplished through the wholehearted co-operation of the student body, and the ceaseless efforts of Miss Grosscup and Miss Noble.

The keynotes for success in any Athletic Association are pep, punch, performance. We have begun well, but let us not be content merely with a good beginning. It's up to every member of the A. A. to show her spirit, and do all within her power to make our Association one of the strongest factors in the school.

BASKET BALL

"Here, throw it here! Don't push! Shoot! Shoot!" These, plus the shrill notes of the referee's whistle followed by the martial call of "Foul" were the shouts and noises which came from the Gym once M. S. N. S. settled down to produce a girls' basket ball team. Inside the swinging doors human beings were wildly leaping like jumping-jacks and monkeys on strings, varying these antics occasionally by desperately pursuing an elusive basket ball the whole length of the gym floor. However, under the adept guidance of Miss Noble jumping jacks and monkeys were seen less frequently, and even that impossible basket ball became less elusive and seemed to fit more naturally into one's hand. Following weeks of practice final choice of varsity team was made with Wilentz as captain.

Looking backward through the annals of history we find the greatest never passed through this vale of tears without tasting defeat. This being the case not much discouragement was felt when our team was defeated by Glen Ridge. Even after they again took

the honors in the return game, faith in the team was still unshaken, and on Jan. 5, Montclair gained its first victory by defeating Newark Normal School of Physical Education. A double victory over this school was destined, for Montclair again took the honors by the wide margin of 14 points.

Some of the sweetness is taken out of victory when defeat is met with a smile, and this psychology was put into effect when South Orange darkened our horizon winning the game by 3 small points. The team next journeyed to Bloomfield and returned in the company of Peter Gloom for Bloomfield won by four points. However, in the return game, Montclair returned the compliment, and sent Peter back to Bloomfield by a score of 24-14.

The game at Butler proved to be a magneto for speed and clever pass work on the part of both teams. The score was tied at the end of the game, but in the extra 5 minutes allotted, Montclair piled up 12 points to Butler's 3, and gained another victory. Butler's return game proved to be another exciting and fast game, but this time Butler went home the lucky victor by one point.

Next in line for defeat came Montclair High. Remembering the defeat in hockey, our team went into the game with a determination that was not to be thwarted, and came out victorious with a lead of 20 points.

The games which were played with our co-mates and brothers of Newark Normal, proved to be two of the most interesting and exciting games of the season. The first game was played on the Newark court. Besides its wonderful team, Newark had representation and student support of which any school might be proud. A finer, faster cleaner game is seldom seen, and a few lucky shots toward the end plus the student support gave the blue ribbon to Newark by 3 points.

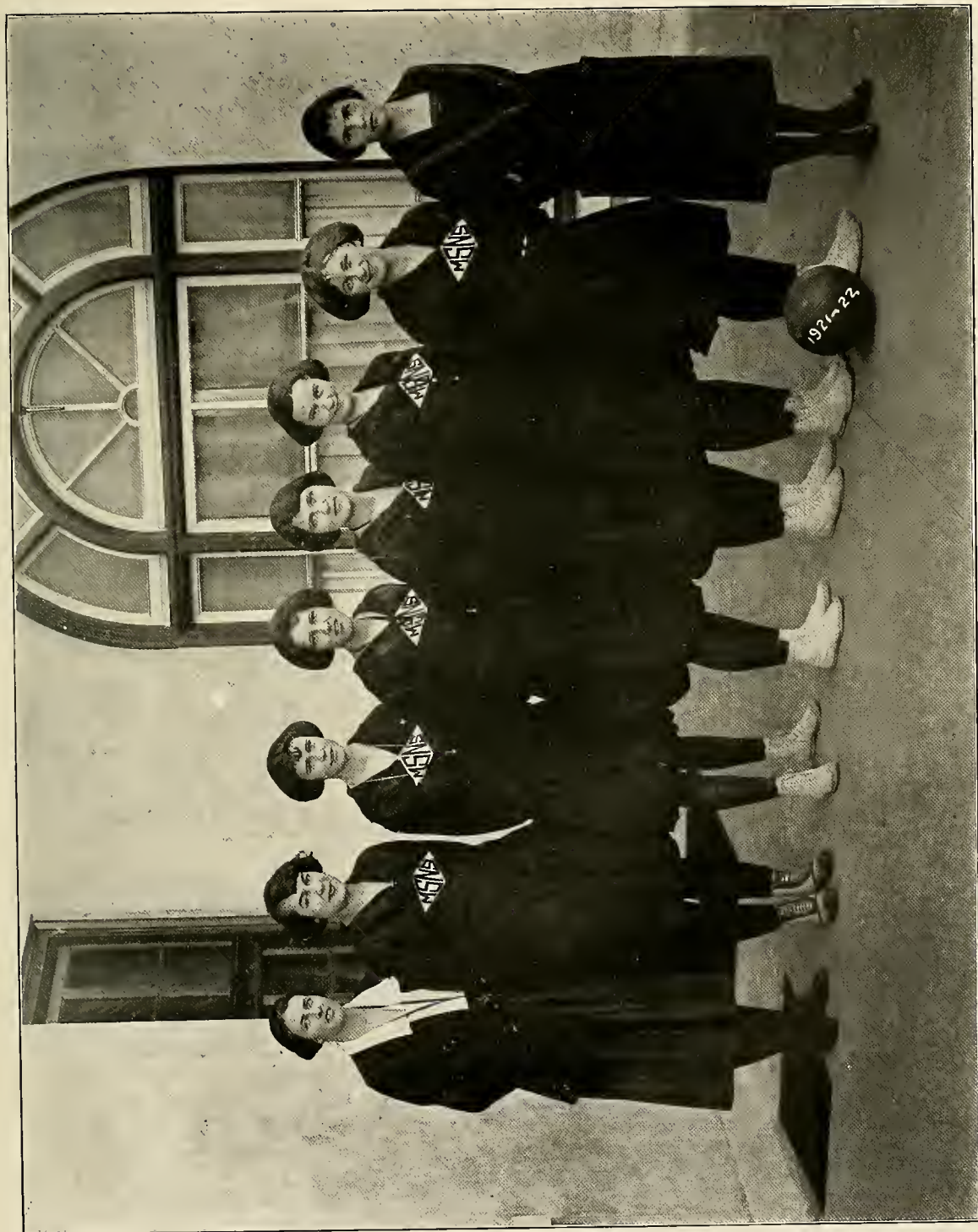
When Newark came to Montclair, again the student support was good. This time, however, Montclair had equally good support, and after another swift and thrilling game our team emerged the victor by 13 points, another instance which goes to prove that rooters are the "power behind the team."

To end this eventful season Montclair accepted a challenge from Summit High to play them on their court. Summit had a record of which they boasted and were justly proud for they had not met defeat on their own court in six years. It took Montclair to break this record, and against a famously swift and clever team, our team won by the score of 19-18. Praise, congratulations, and honor are due those girls who helped Montclair win. It was a thrilling victory with which to end the season.

The schedule for this season is the finest the school has ever had. Games have been arranged with five Normal schools, and five of the best High schools in the state. With Hansen as captain the team is undoubtedly the best the school has ever had. The first three games have been smashing victories, and the future promises an equally unblemished record.

Schedule for 1921-1922

Newark Normal: Home, January 10; away, March 8.
Paterson City Normal: Home, January 11; away, March 13.
Montclair High: Home, January 16; away, February 27.
Trenton Normal: Home, January 20; away, March 10.
Glen Ridge High: Home, February 15; away, January 24.
Union Hill: Home, February 8; away, March 17.
Summit High: Home, March 3; away, February 10.
Bloomfield High: Home, March 22; away, February 13.
Stroudsburg Normal: Home, February 25.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Hockey, Baseball, and Tennis

Variety is the spice of life, and variety in athletics furnishes the spice of sport to the girls of M. S. N. S. Every girls finds some game at some time of the year which claims her interest and attention. When autumn draws near, the beautiful hockey field sends back shouts of laughter and cheer as our hockey team strives again and again to win renown in spirited rivalry with other schools. There has been an organized team for several years, and hockey has proved to be one of our most popular sports. The season is short, however, for Dame Winter soon ends it and claims the short days following for her share in basketball.

With the approach of spring, our girls show that they are indeed men's equals and compete with other teams in that world-wide, exciting game of baseball. This is a comparatively new sport in our school, but judging from the interest shown last spring, there is no doubt that it will soon become one of the major sports of the school.

The days become longer and warmer, and the ever enthusiastic tennis fans get out their trusty racquets. After weeks of strenuous practice the tennis tournament is played off. Last year there were many exciting contests before the competitors for the finals could be decided upon. These were played by Elizabeth Norris and Casilda Clark, and after a hard-fought battle Casilda emerged, the victor.

May the interest and enthusiasm which have been made manifest by the girls in the past year, be an incentive to all those participating in the sports of the future.

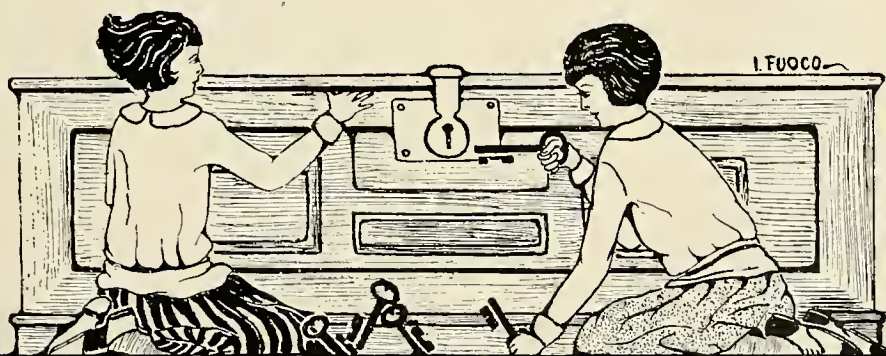
TRACK MEET

June 1, 1921, is a day that will long be remembered. Field Day became a thing of the past, for this was our first real A. A. U. Track meet. Although none of the established records were broken, the girls participating made a splendid showing. The records set up for M. S. N. S. are:

Event	Time or distance	Winner
50 yd. Dash	6 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	Goetchins
100 yd. Dash	13 sec.	Goetchins
Discus Throw	53 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Goetchins
Baseball Throw	160 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Loughlin
Hop, Skip, and Jump	28 ft. 5 in.	Loughlin
Running High Jump	5 ft. $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	Loughlin
Standing Broad Jump	7 ft. 6 in.	Boles
Javelin Throw	41 ft. 11 in.	Francisco
60 yd. Hurdle	10 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.	Simmonds
Running Broad Jump	12 ft. 9 in.	Rank and Stone

Our class, then, the Jr. A. Class of the school, was the winner of the meet by a large number of points. Silver loving cups were awarded to the individual winners, Loughlin and Goetchins, who tied for first place.

SORORITIES





ALPHA SORORITY

ALPHA SORORITY

President, Doris Aery.
Vice President, Lydia Beatty.
Treasurer, Georgiana Van Houten.
Secretary, Antoinette Mitchell.
Corresponding Secretary, Ann Hewitt.

From the time, when as pledgees, we donned the yellow blouses of initiation and went valiently forth to sweep the room of our elders, until these days of early 1922 when the dreaded hour of separation persistently aims to overtake us, every member of Alpha has loved and enjoyed the cozy, bi-monthly meetings which have justified Tuesday's place on the calendar.

Early this fall, Alpha began its social events with a Fall Card Party. This was soon followed by the initiations, both formal and informal, of the eleven pledgees. On December second, the Winter Dance was held at the Robert Treat—an occasion equaled in success only by the alumnae luncheon held at the McAlpin on January fourteenth. Not having dined enough, the active members of the sorority held another luncheon on January twenty-first at the Robert Treat.

And now that the time has come for us to join the ranks in the wide, wide world, there is just a little feeling way down in our insides, which makes us know that we can never forget these happy days in Alpha, nor the girls who have been such splendid comrades. So to our Sorority we say, "The best of luck!" and to the Alphas, "God bless 'em every one!"

Helen Adams
Doris Aery
Edith Ball
Lydia Beatty
Inez Bohannon
Eleanor Finley
Eleanor Forgie
Helen Francisco
Grace Frazee
Florence Gant
Aline Gorecki
Anne Hewitt

Elizabeth Lawrence
Gladys Mackaley
Katheryn Meredith
Margaret Meyers
Antoinette Mitchell
Mary Patterson
Jane Porter
Alice Reynolds
Margaret Swinton
Georgianna Van Houten
Esther Walker
Marjorie Ward



BETA KAPPA PHI SORORITY

Beta Kappa Phi Sorority

Delta Chapter

Since its organization in the fall of 1917, the Delta Chapter of the Beta Kappa Phi Sorority has been very active. We have found our work exceedingly interesting and inspiring. Our luncheons, dances, tea-dances, and theatre parties have been full of the joy of being again with our Alumnae and talking over old times.

We are continuing the support of our little French Orphan and nothing brings us greater happiness than his frequent letters, for each new message helps to strengthen the bond of friendship between us.

Our active members are:

President, Elizabeth Linson.
Vice President, Isabel Simmons.
Secretary, Genevieve Green.
Treasurer, Margaret Morrison.
Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Mildred Freeman.
Historian, Carita Ackerman.
Mary Adams.
Lydia Bender.
Helen Cocker.
Sybil Coe.
Marion Dudley.
Margaret Glasson.
Irene Hollister.
Elizabeth Loughlin.
Janet McQuillan.
Marion Miller.
Elizabeth Moore.
Rose Purvis.
Nina Parker.
Josephine Scull.
Virginia Scull.



PI SIGMA SORORITY

Pi Sigma

And it came to pass, in the dark ages, after the fall of Rome, and soon after the opening of that excellent institution, known as Montclair Normal School, that a wonderful plan was conceived for the forming of a secret society. Great was the anxiety of those concerned, as the days passed, for the welfare of this previously unheard of project. But joy abounded in the land of pedagogical learning when the association became a definite organization. It was given out, by the oracles, that its name should be Par Nasium and its purpose be to acquaint its members with the literature of the old Greeks and Romans. Its further purpose was to give zest to the social activities of the "quiet ladies" of the school.

Eftsoons we leave the middle ages and come upon the days of the present. The "quiet ladies" who held sway in the old days have passed out of existence, 'tis true, but in their places, are younger, livelier disciples absorbing new and more modern pedagogical principles.

The flight of time has, of course, effected changes in the old organization. With satisfaction, we note, however, that these are but slight. We learn that the ancient appellation, Par Nasium, has long since passed and Pi Sigma stands in its place. Among those strong, loyal sisters who have left the old institution and joined the worldly wise, has grown an organization of power—the greater Pi Sigma—and ever in the society remains the splendid spirit of the "quiet ladies" of the old Par Nasium.

Officers

President, Elizabeth Norris; Vice President, Ada Wilentz; Treasurer, Madeline Banta; Secretary, Cecelia Bernhardt; Corresponding Secretary, Otilie Loschnitz.

Members

Mildred Bailey, Frances Bell, Beryle Bockoven, Gertrude Bogart, Mary Cacy, Casilda Clark, Muriel Cole, Audrey Coxon, Ruth Crogan, Margaret Ervin, Margaret Gale, Muriel Geiser, Adele Hover, Virginia Laggren, Marie Maxwell Edith McCleese, Jessie Morrison, Marian Perkins, Katherine Suckow, May VanDyne, Florence White.



Theta Pi Delta

When at last vacation ended,
And our school began once more;
Then we journeyed back to Normal
Back to "dear old Montclair Normal."
There we met our former classmates,
Met our principal and teachers,
Met our old friends and our dear friends
Theta girls both one and all.
A tea we gave and we invited
Our new friends to come and meet us
That we might become acquainted,
Choose new girls to be our sisters
Sisters in our Theta Pi.
Good times we have had together
And of these, the best of all
Was our dance, held at the Berwick
In the spacious Berwick dance hall,
Senior girls, our work's most ended
And our school we soon must leave,
But we'll be with you in spirit
Always true to Theta dear.

Officers

Sara Herbine, President.
Ruth Dodd, Vice President.
Catherine Thomson, Secretary.
Madeline Hart, Corresponding Secretary.
Margaret Collins, Treasurer.

Edna Ayres
Dorothy Capen
Elizabeth Cavanaugh
Margaret Collins
Carol Cooley
Alice Dalzell
Ruth Dodd
Ruth Dygert
Madeline Hart
Sara Herbine

Dorothy Hopkinson
Ester Hoyt
Dorothy Lane
Catherine Lang
Helen Storms
Catherine Thomson
Marie Thomson
Sara Turner
Mary Van Iderstine
Ruth Walls



GLEE CLUB



Sigma Sigma Omicron

Epsilon Chapter

Members

Jean Behnke, Laura Boyle, Mildred Deats, Eleanor Fuoco, Isabella Fuoco, Vera Hal-
linger, Gladys Hansen, Audrey Hill, Letitia MacCollum, Nora McCarthy, Grace Plog,
Jeanne Powell, Alice Reilly, Edna Roberts, Lucille Robertori, Grace Schmerber.

Chapters

Jersey City, New York, Stanford, Emory, Denver, Charlotte.

GLEE CLUB

Thursday Afternoon Assembly

Glee Club (singing): "In the North Sea lived a whale."

Miss McKinley: "You mean, 'In the North C lived a scale.'"

Glee Club (singing): "Ah—a—a—ah—a—a—ah!"

A capital ship for an ocean trip."

Men's Sextette: "Sa—a—a, Si—i—i, Sa—a—a."

(A wandering, lonesome, curious soul passes down the corridor and anxiously looks
into Assembly to see just what it all can be. Sees Miss McKinley on the piano bench—a
number of girls grouped near her.)

Miss McKinley: "Girls, we'll tune up while the late ones gather. Now, tongues
against your lower teeth, mouths open. Ruth Alpaugh, open your mouth! That's good,
Ethel Davis, I can always depend on you."

Glee Club (singing): "Ah—a—a—ah—a—a—ah!"

Girl: Oh, I haven't any music!

Miss McKinley: "Didn't you bring your copy? Well, look on with some one else."

Glee Club sings—(Miss McKinley's watchful eye glances over the room.)

Miss McKinley: "Wait a minute!" (Halt in the proceedings.)

"Cole and Simmons talking as usual! When you're ready, girls!

"One, two, three, one, start!"

Glee Club (singing): "Now abideth Faith, Hope and Love."

Miss McKinley: "Who'll try this alone? Celia, you? No, a cold? Well, Lillian
Johnson? Oh mercy! 'rather not.' Well now, some one try it. Let's see—Let's have
two of you on each part,—Simpson and Hofmann, Wilentz and Hewitt, McCleece and
Botbyl.

Girls sing: Enter Jane Porter. Speaks in low tones to Miss McKinley.

Miss McKinley: "Money! Who said anything about money? We have no money!
For the Year Book? How much? Whew! What shall we do? Give a concert and
charge 10 cents admission. Who'd come? Well, may be some one would.

Glee Club—(In chorus, anxiously) "What shall we sing?"

Miss McKinley (cheerfully): "What do we know? Let's sing Christmas carols;
everyone likes those. Perhaps the men will sing their famous "Serenade!" We can de-
pend on Lord, Chandler and Rozema, I know.

"All right, thanks girls. All for today! Next Thursday."

(The wandering, lonesome, curious soul passes on down the corridor satisfied. It was
only our Glee Club.)



PALATINE STAFF



Senior B Dance.

Daddy Stone

Caution: If you can't find the joke,—laugh on the dotted line.

Daddy Stone: Matrimony is the only thing that will save the reputation of this school Sr. B's, interested: Matrimony??

Daddy Stone: Yes. Our only hope is that the whole bunch of you know-nothings will get married before you begin to teach.

Daddy Stone (proudly): My boy, Sid, is the most accurate mathematician of his class.

Dr. Chapin: Yes?

Daddy Stone: He can figure closer than any other fellow on just how little he'll have to study in order to pass.

Heard in Room No. 3: Even if you had only three or four cells working, you ought to see that that's "nutty."

Chandler: I'm trying my hardest to get ahead.

Daddy Stone: Well, goodness knows, you need one.

Wesley to the Rescue

Several hopeful Sr. B l's had gone to the board in an agonized attempt to solve the problem, and each had failed more dismally than the one before.

"Lord help them," moaned Daddy Stone, and he threw up his hands in despair. And the chivalrous Wesley rose to recite!!

Those who missed Daddy Stone's little speech to the Jr. A's, have greatly regretted it. It must be delightful to hear such expressive language outside the dormitory.

Sid was sent to college,
Now Daddy cries, "Alack."
He spent a thousand dollars,
And got a quarter-back.

Daddy Stone to Kdg. Sr. B's: You get about one twenty-seventh of what I try to teach you, and I have to pay hard each night that you'll get even that.

Sid (at home during vacation): Dad has lost his hat again.

Lucille: How do you know?

Sid: Can't find mine.

Daddy Stone: Last summer at Cleveland I had the dumbest class I've ever seen outside of the entering class here.

Daddy Stone to most of us: That's about the most elaborate display of ignorance I've ever seen.

In case anyone is planning to give Daddy Stone a birthday gift, we would suggest that the following might be appropriate,—

A Wentworth Math. book. You know, Daddy does love those Wentworth people so!!

Some curly Xmas candy, so that the future Sr. B's will be able to sustain their thoughts, when exposed to fractions.

A few more "E's," so that the mathematically unfortunate won't feel so horribly hopeless, after the next marks come out.

And then we know he would appreciate a few "Movie" tickets. Daddy is quite a fan, donzano.

Also someone might give him a new Sr. B class. The present one, he finds, is an awful trial.

And don't forget about a "Roth Memory Course." Chandler does get so embarrassed everytime Daddy calls him "Miss"!!

Silently, one by one, in the definite blanks of report cards, blossom the lovely "U's," the forget-me-nots of the Seniors.—E. O. News.

Doris has sent in a little petition. She says she doesn't mind so much when Daddy Stone calls her "Miss Aria," but she does hate to have him call her "Miss Erie," everytime a train goes by.

Class of '22: Well, what are you doing up at Normal, now?

Class of '44: Oh nothing much. Just trying to find Least Common Multiple and that sort of thing.

'22: Great Scott! Are you still hunting for that? Why, Daddy Stone found it ages ago!

Daddy Stone (to Sr. B's, confidentially): I just told you that to get your attention.

Sr. B's laugh.

Well it's true.

I don't always tell you things that are true, but that is.

Sr. B's howl. Daddy Stone wonders where the joke is. That's all right,—so do we.

A famous financier became seriously ill, and Daddy Stone, who was a friend, felt that the end was near.

"Nonsense," said doctor, "the Lord will not take him until he has passed the hundred mark."

"Oh, no," said Daddy Stone, "that would be poor finance. Why should the Lord wait till he reaches par, when He can pick him up at eighty-seven?"



J. WESLEY LORD. "Wes"
*"And thus he bore without abuse
 That old name of gentleman."*

General.
 A. A.
 Red Cross.
 Tennis.
 Sr. B President.
 Sr. A President.
 Christmas Play.
 May Day Play.
 Sr. B Dance.
 Faculty Reception.
 Hallowe'en Party.
 Men's Glee Club, Sr. B.
 Editor-in-Chief of Palatine.
 Chairman Senior Gift Committee.



ELIZABETH PETERSON

*"Wisely improve the present
 It is thine.
 Go forth to meet the shadowy future without
 fear."*

Assistant Literary Editor of Palatine.



MARGARET DEVONALD. "Maggie."

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

General.
 A. A.
 Red Cross.



DOROTHEA HINCHMAN

"Gentle though retiring."

General.
 A. A.
 Red Cross.



HELEN MORTON.

"Loveliness needs not the aid of foreign adornment."

General.
 A. A.
 Red Cross.
 Varsity Hockey Team, Jr. B, Sr. B.



MADELINE HART. "Tony."

THETA PI DELTA

"But Tony's looks are blythe and sweet."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. B. Tea.

Faculty Reception.

Corr. Secretary of Theta Sr. B.



BERTHA KLEY. "Bert."

"I am constant as the Northern star."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



MURIEL COWAN

"All women are ambitious naturally."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



GLADYS BEERS

"In virtue nothing earthly could surpass her."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



MARY PATTERSON. "Pat."

ALPHA

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all she knew."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. B Vice-President.

Jr. A. President.

Jr. B. Tea.

Jr. A. Tea.

May Day Play.



HELEEN MORIARTY. "Henery."
"Quietness great worth conceals."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. A Tea.



ETHEL CUMMINS. "Bub."
"I call a spade a spade."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. B. Tea.



MARIE DONAHUE. "Donahue."
"Let the world slide, let the world go, a fig for care, a fig for woe."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Varsity Base Ball Team.
Varsity Basket Ball Team.
Varsity Hockey Team.



ISABEL SIMMONS. "Dick."
BETA KAPPA PHI
"A face that has a story to tell."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Executive Board A. A., Jr. A.
Vice President of A. A., Jr. A.
Manager of Varsity Base Ball Team, Jr. A.
Manager of Varsity Basket Ball Team, Jr. A., Sr. B.
Tennis Tournament, Jr. B.
Jr. A Vice President.
Jr. B Tea.
Christmas Play.
May Day Play.
Jr. A Tea.
Sr. B Dance Chairman.
Faculty Reception.
Vice President of Beta Jr. A, Sr. B.
Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.
Associate Editor of Palatine.
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Sr. B.



MARGARET MYERS. "Peggy."
ALPHA
"Laughter is my object, 'tis a property in man essential to his reason."

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
May Day Play.
Faculty Reception.
Hallowe'en Party.
Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.
Kindergarten Pary, Sr. B.



VIRGINIA LAGGREN. "Ginger."

PI SIGMA

*"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."*

Kindergarten.	Jr. B. Tea.
A. A.	Christmas Play.
Red Cross.	Jr. A. Tea.
Athletic Council Jr. B.	May Day Play. ,
Track.	Faculty Reception.
Jr. B. Secretary.	



ELEANOR FORGIE

ALPHA

"You have a nimble wit."

General.	Jr. B. Treasurer.
A. A.	Jr. B. Tea.
Red Cross.	Christmas Play.
A. A. Collector Sr. B.	Jr. A. Tea.
Corr. Secretary of Alpha Jr. A.	



FLORENCE WHITE

PI SIGMA

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. B. Tea.
May Day Play.



OTTILIE LOSCHNITZ. "Ottie."

PI SIGMA

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Kindergarten.	Pin and Ring Committee.
A. A.	May Day Play.
Red Cross.	Corr. Secretary of Pi Sigma Sr. B.
Jr. B. Tea.	Mandolin Club Jr. B., Jr. A.
Jr. A. Tea.	



MARGARET WALLS

*"Silence is the perfect heraldry of joys
I were but little happy if I could say how much."*

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



LOUISA HANSEN. "Weegie."

"That tower of strength that stood four-square to all the winds that blew."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Varsity Base Ball Team Jr. A.

Varsity Basket Ball Team Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.

Hallowe'en Party.



GENEVIEVE GREEN. "Gene."

BETA KAPPA PHI

"The sight of you is good for sore eyes."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Varsity Basket Ball Team, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.

Jr. B Treasurer.

May Day Play.

Secretary of Beta Sr. B.



ETHEL BIRCH. "Sis."

"There's fun in everything she meets, the greatest, worst and best."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. B. Secretary.

Hallowe'en Party.



MARY CACY. "Cacy."

PI SIGMA

"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Varsity Basketball Team Jr. A.

Track.

Jr. B. Tea.

Kdg. Pin and Ring Committee.

May Day Play.

Faculty Reception.



HELEN ADAMS. "Adam"

ALPHA

"A generous action is its own reward."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

May Day Play.



ADA WILENTZ. "Billy."

PI SIGMA

"I think so because I think so."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Varsity Base Ball Team, Jr. A.

Varsity Basket Ball, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.

Tennis, Jr. A.

Jr. B President.

May Day Play.

Vice President of Pi Sigma, Sr. B.



ANNIE JONES. "Ann."

"A quiet lass, there are but few who know the treasures hid in you."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



LAURA WINFIELD

"It is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



ELIZABETH MORE. "Libby."

BETA KAPPI PHI

"Life is one long giggle."

General.

Red Cross.

A. A.



ELIZABETH MERLEHAN. "Bess."

"Irish eyes are shining."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



ALICE REYNOLDS

ALPHA

*"Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away
First lets his fingers wander as they list
And builds a bridge to dreamland for his lay."*

Kindergarten.

May Day Play.

A. A.

Hollowe'en Party.

Red Cross.

Glee Club, accompanist.



MARGARET SMITH. "Peg."

*"In radiant lines for miles and miles."
"Smiles, smiles, unending smiles"*

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



ANTOINETTE MITCHELL. "Tony."

ALPHA

"Independent as the day is long."

Kindergarten.

May Day Play.

A. A.

Faculty Reception.

Red Cross.

Secretary of Alpha, Sr. B.

Track Jr. A.

Kindergarten Party, Sr. B.

Jr. B. Tea.



OCTAVIA WARREN

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



SARA MINDLIN. "Miggs."

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."*

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. A. Tea.



AMALIE RANK. "Amy."

"What the orators lack in depth they give you in length."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Track.

Chairman Banner Committee, Jr. A, Sr. B.



HELEN MIEDENDORP

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

May Day Play.



RUTH DODD. "Ruddy."

THETA PI DELTA

"One tongue is enough for a woman."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Athletic Council Jr. B.

May Day Play.

Vice President of Theta Sr. B.

Mandolin Club Jr. B.

Glee Club Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.



ELIZABETH CAVANAUGH. "Betty."

THETA PI DELTA

"Take time by the forelock."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.



OLIVE MYERS

"I am remarkable in more ways than one."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Sr. B Secretary.

Halloween'en Party.

Faculty Recetion.



MARJORIE TAYLOR. "Marge."

"Sometimes I sit and think; and sometimes I just sit."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Tennis, Jr. B, Jr. A.

Senior B Dance.



MYRTLE HILL

"Patience is a virtue that grows not in all gardens."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



ALISON DEPUE

"A small package of concentrated energy."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



DOROTHY WORK. "Dottie."

As she comes up the stair."

"Her very foot has music in't

General.

May Day Play.

A. A.

Hallowe'en Party.

Red Cross.

Glee Club, Jr. A, Sr. B.

Track, Jr. A.

Assistant Advertising Manager.



LILLIAN JOHNSON

"We that have good wits have much to answer for."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

May Day Play

Glee Club, Jr. B., Jr. A., Sr. B.



ISABELLE FUOCO. "Bille."

SIGMA SIGMA AMICRON

"The more noise, the better she feels."

Sr. B Dance Committee.	Art Editor of Palatine.
Jr. A Tea.	Mandolin Club Jr. A.
Red Cross.	Secretary of Sigma Sigma Sr. B.
A. A.	Hallowe'en Party.
General.	Faculty Reception.



MURIEL GEISER. "Milly."

PI SIGMA

"Life is too short for mean anxieties."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. A. Tea.



ETHEL DAVIS

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

General.	Jr. A Tea.
A. A.	Faculty Reception.
Red Cross.	Hallowe'en Party.
Jr. B Tea.	Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.
Assistant Literary Editor of Palatine.	



CLARA GRUVER

"She doesn't say all she knows, but always knows what she says."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Faculty Reception.
Hallowe'en Party.
Assistant Literary Editor of Palatine.
Chairman of Chocolate Committee.



JENNIE DAVENPORT. "Debby."

"For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never vary."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Hallowe'en Party.



DORIS AERY. "Dot"

ALPHA

"Though she be merry, yet withal she's wise."

General.	Jr. B. Vice President.
A. A.	Jr. B. Tea.
Red Cross.	Christmas Play.
President of Alpha, Sr. B.	Hallowe'en Party.



ELIZABETH LOUGHLIN. "Lisbeth."

BETA KAPPA PHI

"Strong in body, in athletics skilled."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Athletic Council Jr. B.
Vice President of Athletic Association.
Varsity Base Ball Team, Jr. A.
Varsity Basket Ball Team, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.
Varsity Hockey Team, Sr. B.
Winner of Track Meet, Jr. A.
Ir. A, Sr. B Treasurer.
Jr. B Tea.
Jr. A Tea.
Faculty Reception.
Hallowe'en Party.
Mandolin Club, Jr. B, Jr. A.



PEARL RICKER.

"Her good nature is always a success."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



HELEN BALL

"A safe companion, and an easy friend."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



TERESA SISCO. "Tess."

"Resolute of purpose, and indomitable of will."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



JEANNE POWELL

SIGMA SIGMA OMICRON

"She bonny, blooming, straight and tall."

General.	Jr. B Tea.
A. A.	Jr. A Tea.
Red Cross.	Sr. B Dance.
Business Manager of Palatine.	



MARION PERKINS. "Perky."

PI SIGMA

*"A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon."*

Kindergarten.	Track.
A. A.	Jr. B. Tea.
Red Cross.	Jr. A. Tea.
Athletic Council, Jr. B.	May Day Play.



GERTRUDE BOGART. "Goitie."

PI SIGMA

"A light heart lives long."

Kindergarten.	Kdg. Jr. A. Secretary.
A. A.	Jr. B. Tea.
Red Cross.	May Day Play.
Track.	Mandolin Club Jr. A.



JOSEPHINE WIGERT. "Joe."

"A patient man is a pattern for a king."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



FLORENCE ESSING. "Floss."

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



MILDRED MILLER. "Mill."

"Where the river runs calmly, perchance it runs deep."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



FRANCES HALLEY. "Frannie."

"I love not man the less, but nature more."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Pin and Ring Committee Jr. A, Sr. B.

Hallowe'en Party.



RUTH LANDIS

"Who talks too much must talk in vain."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



GERTRUDE GORRY

"Logis is logic. That's all I say."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. A. Tea.

Hallowe'en Party.



IDA PADAGROSI. "Ide."

"Why should life all labor be?"

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



MILDRED BOSCH. "Boschy."

"Quiet, reserved, studious is she."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



ESTHER LENDMAN

*"She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain."*

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



ISABELLE BERSH. "Bershy."

"She's a winsome wee thing."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. B. Tea.

Jr. A. Tea.



ROBERTA SMITH. "Bertie."

"A sunny smile gilds the edge of life's blackest clouds."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



RHODA KITAY. "Kitty."

*"Large streams from little fountains flow.
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."*

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Banner Committee Jr. A.



MARIE KROECKER."

"Perseverance wins its need, and patience wins the race."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Hallowe'en Party.



HENRIETTA LIST

"I know what I know."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



VIRGINIA McCARTY. "Ginna."

"A blush is the complexion of virtue."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. A. Tea.

Hallowe'en Party.



IDA PUDNEY. "Pud."

"Sighs, those false alarms of grief."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



MARY STEEGAR

*"She is not short, nor is she tall
But one good pal, and that's not all."*

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. B Tea.



EDNA AYERS. "Little Ed."

THETA PHI DELTA

"Delightful task!..to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Tennis.

May Day Play.



MARIE THOMPSON

THETA PI DELTA

" 'Tis nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



AMY CRUM. "Crumie"

" 'Tis death to me to be at enmity "

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



IRENE CHRISTOPHER

"What else can joy be but diffusing joy?"

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.



ETHEL NICHOLAS. "Et."

"Wholesome as the air and genial as the light."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. A Tea.



HANNAH ENGLANDER

"An active, vivacious, talkative lass."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Tennis.



RUTH RODGER. "Rufus."

"Innocence more peaceful was never born."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



GEORGIANA BLAKELEY. "George."

"Faithful and steady, that's 'George' all over."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



GRACE VAN PATTEN. "Gay."

"I am the master of my fate."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
May Day Play.



JANE PORTER. "Janey."

ALPHA

*"'Cause I's wickeds. I is—
I's wickd anyhow—I can't help it."*

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
May Day Play, Author and Producer.
Christmas Play.
Sr. B Dance.
Hallowe'en Party.
Mandolin Club, Jr. B, Jr. A.
Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.
Advertising Manager of Palatine.
Kindergarten Party, Sr. B.



ISABELLA SIMPSON. "Simmie."

"As upright as the cedar."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
May Day Play.
Glee Club, Jr. A., Sr. B.



AUDREY HILL. "And."

SIGMA SIGMA OMICRON

*Ne'er from heath-flower dashed the dew."
"A foot more light, a step more true*

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



ALINE GORECKI

ALPHA

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent
thing in woman."*

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



MILDRED FREEMAN

BETA KAPPA PHI

*"Now Millie, your hair's all right, no, it doesn't look a
sight."*

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. B Tea.
Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of Beta Sr. B.



SVEA BRASK

"A laughing fellow roves."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



ARLINE MANSFIELD

"That best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

May Day Play.



CHARLOTTE STEPHENS. "Charlie."

"Good nature carries a charm."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



RUTH GREEN

"When words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.



EDITH LUFBURROW.

"No beauty's like the beauty of the mind."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Assistant Literary Editor of Palatine.



ALBERTA HOFMAN. "Bert."

"Do not say all that you know, but always know what you say."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Tennis.

May Day Play.

Glee Club Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.



MARTHA CORNISH. "Marsie."

"I am naturally shy."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



MARY WHITE

"I worked with patience, which means almost power."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



MARION LEPINE. "Piney."

"A quiet disposition is sometimes deceiving."

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
May Day Play.



CECELIA BERNHARDT. "Tutty."

PI SIGMA

"God sent His singers upon earth with songs of gladness and of mirth."

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. A Tea.
May Day Play.
Faculty Reception.
Tennis.
Jr. B Tea.

A. A. Executive Board Sr. B.
Sr. B Dance Committee.
A. A. Treasurer Sr. B.
Kdg. Jr. A Treasurer.
Hallowe'en Party.
Mandolin Club Jr. B, Jr. A.
Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.
Secretary of Pi Sigma Jr. A, Sr. B.

NELLIE MORROW. "Nell."

"That cloud dispelling smile is only one of her many assets."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.

FLORANCE MORGAN. "Flossy."

"Merrily merrily shall I live now."

A. A.
General.
Red Cross.



MARIE BRAHM

"Sweet and smiling are thy ways."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.



SARA HERBINE. "Sara Jane."

THETA PI DELTA

"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Varsity Base Ball Team.
President of Theta Sr. B.



EDWINA HUMPHREY. "Eddie."

"Like angel's visits, short and bright."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Banner Committee Jr. A.



LILLIAN HARRISON

"She's little, but wise, and a corker for her size."

General.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Faculty Tea.

JESSIE MORRISON

PI SIGMA

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Kindergarten.	Track.
A. A.	Jr. B Tea.
Red Cross.	Jr. A Tea.
Jr. A. Vice-President.	May Day Play.
Athletic Council, Jr. B.	Faculty Reception.
Hallowe'en Party.	

ELSIE SAXON

"Virtue is her own reward."

Kindergarten.	May Day Play.
A. A.	Red Cross.
Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B	

ETHEL SLATER.

"I've marked a thousand blushes to come into her face."

General.	A. A.	Red Cross.
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EDITH COX

"A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Kdg. Jr. A. Tea.

Glee Club—Jr. B., Jr. A., Sr. B.



ELIZABETH WURTHMANN. "Betty."

*"Miss Flora McFlimpsey, of Madison Square,
She had so many clothes she didn't know what to wear."*

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Art Editor of Palatine.



OLIVE RAVEKES

"Speaking silence is better than senseless speech."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

May Day Play.



MADELINE BANTA. "Banty."

PI SIGMA

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, wisdom with mirth."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Varsity Basket Ball Team Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.

Varsity Hockey Team Jr. B. Sr. B Dance Committee.

Jr. B Tea.

Jr. A Tea.

Treasurer of Pi Sigma, Jr. A, Sr. B.

Assistant Literary Editor of Palatine.

Athletic Editor of Palatine.

Athletic Council Jr. B.

A. A. Executive Board Sr. B.

President of A. A. Sr. B.

Sr. B Reception.

Hallowe'en Party.

HELEN DAILEY. "Chubby."

*"The laughter in her eye, that o'er her
face in ripples gleamed and glanced."*

May Day Play.

Jr. A. Tea.

Christmas Play.

Jr. B. Tea.

Red Cross.

A. A.

Kindergarten.

HELEN STANLEY

*"With wisdom fraught, not such as books but
such as practice taught."*

General.

Red Cross.

GENEVIEVE CUNNIFFE

"Knowledge is power."

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.



CATHERINE THOMPSON. "Kay."

THETA PI DELTA

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Rec. Secretary of Theta, Sr. B.



MARGARET GLASSON. "Peg."

BETA KAPPA PHI

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. A. Tea.

Hallowe'en Party.



ELIZABETH LINSON. "Betty."

BETA KAPPA PHI

"On bokes for to rede I me delyte

And to hem geve I feyth and ful credence

And in myn herte have hem in reverence."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Jr. B President.

Jr. A President.

Jr. B Tea.

Jr. A Tea.

Pin and Ring Committee.

Sr. B Dance.

Faculty Reception.

Hallowe'en Party.

President of Beta, Sr. B.

Literary Editor of Palatine.



MARY VAN IDERSTINE. "Mary Van."

THETA PI DELTA

"What mischief lies behind that sober mien."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Varsity Base Ball Team, Jr. A.

Hallowe'en Party.

Secretary of Theta, Jr. A.

EDITH McCLEESE. "Ed."

PI SIGMA

*"Strong in will and rich in wisdom,
Edith, loyal, lowly, sweet."*

Kindergarten.

A. A.

Red Cross.

May Day Play.

Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.

JOSEPHINE SCULL. "Jo."

BETA KAPPA PHI

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Athletic Council, Jr. B.

Alumni Editor of Palatine.

Faculty Reception.

Jr. A Tea.

Jr. B Tea.

Pin and Ring Committee.

MARY ADAMS
BETA KAPPA PHI

*"A creature not too bright or good for human nature's
daily food."*

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. B. Tea.
Jr. A. Tea.
May Day Play.
Faculty Reception.
Social Editor of Palatine.

RUTH ALPAUGH. "Clarkie."

"Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Glee Club Jr. B., Jr. A., Sr. B.

CLARIBEL BOTBYL. "Clebs."

*"If aught of prophecy be mine Thou
wilt not live in vain."*

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross
Track.
Glee Club, Jr. B., Jr. A., Sr. B.

HELEN COCKER
BETA KAPPA PHI

"Style is the image of character."

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
May Day Play.
Faculty Reception.

CAROL COOLEY. "Cooley."

THETA PI DELTA

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

Kindergarten.
A. A.
Red Cross.
Jr. A. Tea.
Corr. Secretary of Theta Jr. A.

VIRGINIA SCULL. "Jean."

BETA KAPPI PHI

"I chatter, chatter as I go."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

Athletic Council, Jr. B.

Jr. A Secretary.

Jr. B Tea.

Jr. A Tea.

Sr. B Dance.

Faculty Reception.

Art Editor of Palatine.

HELEN DECKER

*"With needle so clever in her hand she's
fine as any in the land."*

A. A.

Kindergarten.

Red Cross.

Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.

ADA HESS

*"Life's a jest and all things show it, I tho't so once and
now I know it."*

A. A.

Kindergarten.

Red Cross.

May Day Play.

BEULAH HEWITT

*"What I must do is all that concerns me,
and not what people think."*

A. A.

Kindergarten.

Glee Club Jr. A, Sr. B.

Red Cross.

May Day Play.

HELEN KNIGHT

"Now up, now down, like buckets in a well."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

MAUD MEYERS

"A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence."

General.

A. A.

Red Cross.

ELIZABETH NORRIS. "Libus."

PI SIGMA

*"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to bless."*

A. A.

Tennis.

Red Cross.

Kindergarten.

Glee Club, Jr. B, Jr. A, Sr. B.

President of Pi Sigma, Jr. A, Sr. B.

May Day Play.

Hallowe'en Party.

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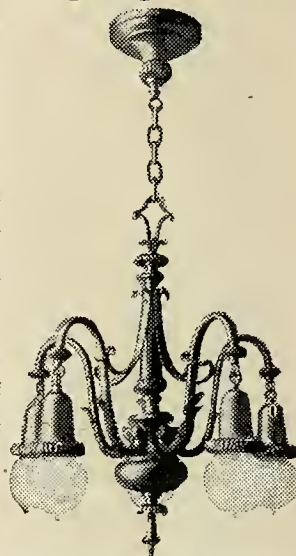
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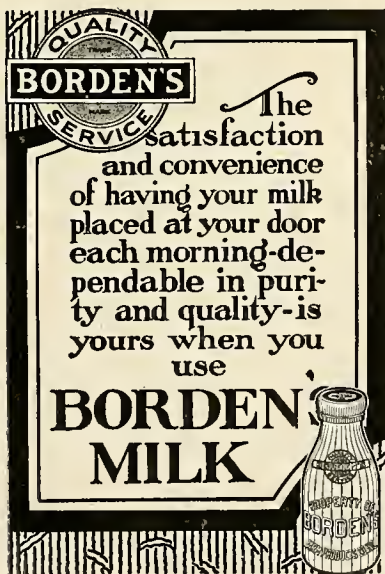
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